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QUEBEC GALLION QUE
Mrs W M Poker
8 cop

The Hairy Ainu.

(By Claude M. Severance, in 'Union Gospel News.')

The illustration pictures graphically the Hairy Ainu, or, in other words, one of the aborigines of Japan. He can raise a beard. The Japanese are not noted for their whiskers; the Ainu are. Because this particular man has a moustache and because he is fond of his drinks, he has a higeage or moustache-lifter. This is often a twig curved crudely. Sometimes it is whittled out of pine and figures of characteristic pattern are inwrought. It lies across the top of his drinking-bowl. His lacquer dishes are before him and he is evidently sober enough yet to pose while his photograph is taken. Sometimes the utensils are cut out of cherry and the writer has in his possession rice-bowls or millet-bowls worn very smooth through more than one generation of use.

He has become so warm that he has thrown off his single garment from one shoulder. His limbs are bared to view, and, indeed, he is a Hairy Ainu. You would hardly suspect that this man's voice

AN AINU TYPE.

could be rich and melodious and that when sober his manners could be engaging. The effects of intoxicating liquors show that the sparkling wine of all countries is no respector of persons, reducing the gifted John B. Gough to a level with this maniacal-looking product of northern Japan.

There are about 15,000 Ainu in Hokkaido, Japan, a despised and dying race, driven from the sunny and warm climate of the southern islands to the northern region, where snow lies twenty feet deep sometimes in their villages. Many of them depend on fishing and hunting for a living. It is related that some years a village will turn out all available hands for three weeks at the right season and catch fish enough to give them a living for the entire year. They dry tons of them and export even to China. Seaweed is gathered also, and a revenue therefrom secured.

They are a lazy-looking people. Their voices are mellow, musical and rich and as they stroke their beards in salutation and bow their heads one feels almost as if worship were being performed toward one.

In 1876 the Rev. J. Batchelor went to Japan and by a Divine Providence was led to work for this neglected race. He has put their language into print, giving them a dictionary and a New Testament and other

CHRISTIAN AINU AT PIRATORI.

helps. He has had the pleasure of seeing three hundred embrace the Gospel of Christ and own him as their Saviour. He has taken a Christian Ainu and journeyed over Japan, lecturing on the Ainu to Japanese audiences, and secured 200 silver dollars, or yen, thereby, with which he has had erected what is called an 'Ainu Hospital Rest,' in Sapporo.

Christians at Piratori:—This illustration shows the refining influence that Christian faith has had upon the Ainu. This is a reed hut. There are forty-two in the village and all the women and all the children in the village are Christians now. The designs made upon their garments, which are made of hemp, with velvet braid often, remind you of the work of our Alaskan Indian neighbors. I assure you one of the most impressive small gatherings of Christians whose worship I have observed, was among the sweet-voiced Christian Ainu.

Tattooed Women:—This picture shows that in this cold province foreign style houses are also built, and even chairs of rough workmanship. The clothes about their heads are quickly removed when on the street they recognize a friend, and wish to give courteous salutation.

That women should submit to such bold figuring as the tattoo work about their mouths designates, is astonishing, but, like the sailor with a heart or an anchor pricked upon his arm, these women go through life defaced.

Hulling Wheat:—This illustration brings before you the working garb of plainer material and the straw sandals on one. A log has been hollowed out and wheat or millet is being hulled. No cereal used in America equals the millet, when, boiled for hours, it is covered with fresh cream from the full-bred Jersey and Holstein cows on the government farm near Sapporo.

The following is a description of my trip to see the Ainu, made in 1894:

Arrived at Ajaraisachi-mura, an Ainu fishing village, we went first to see the bear they had been feeding for two years. It was to die in December the same frightful

HULLING WHEAT.

TATTOOED GIRLS.

AMONG THE AINU.

death its relatives had experienced. Its head would be stuck on stakes, as theirs had been, and that its soul would then go back to its parental origin, wherever that may be, is the Ainu idea. He looked as if he could make a good meal off any of us.

Passing along, then, to the home of an Ainu named Yoma Yanagiichi, we secured his service as guide to the ground where the bear feast occurs. Off through an uncultivated region where the raspberry thrives, of which we ate, went our party single file. When the guide scared up a rabbit and turned to me to inquire whether I had a pistol or not, it seemed as if a veritable American Indian of ye olden time were leading us. We saw three bared tree-trunks with some branches left on them, also bared of bark, and white against the ground work of green.

To these stakes will be tied securely the bear victims of the future. We saw the rough fence at one side filled in with reeds, against which the Ainu lean their wide rolls of matting, hanging their swords of wood, bows and arrows, beads, etc., upon the matting. This serves as a background.

We were told that the village turned out and sat around the bear after he had been killed with arrows, drinking 'sake' to their hearts' content. They skin the bear on the spot and divide the meat among the families, but the flesh is not eaten until afterward in the privacy of the home.

Unwisely one of our party poked his umbrella at the skull of an old victim, and the guide, resenting it, said such disrespect of the sacredness of the spot might cause sickness or even death. Another chanced upon wild grapes in the vicinity of the sacrificial ground, and, eating, the guide exclaimed that those, too, might cause sickness if eaten irreverently. We noticed he picked of them himself after he had seen others. While there was no intentional desecration of the place, we could see that the Ainu endeavored to throw a veil of mystery over the precincts of the annual festival.

Returning to the house we were able to purchase clothes, belts, wooden swords, wooden cups and plates and short knives with which they cut fish. Getting a peep into their homes and conversing with them in Japanese, which some of them understand well, we left their thatched roofs in the rear, their filthy abodes making us appreciate better than ever the value of pure air and cleanliness.

The Japanese in their war with China felt they were greatly honoring an Ainu when they permitted him to enlist in the army. In the best part of Japan a hardy race would develop, but degradation claims these children of primeval instincts and the strong Japanese will eventually drive these mild and ignorant people off the earth. Were they to be recognized more by the government and fostered, there might arise noble characters among them, but a Pocahontas type is not to be found there now.

Providence Guiding.

Two years ago while on an evangelistic tour in a native state in the heart of India, we spent several days in an 'inspection bungalow,' provided by the English Government for the use of its officers when on duty. This we had been permitted to use, and its shelter was most welcome, as the weather was too unsettled for the comfortable occupation of tents. This bungalow was a short distance outside the walled city of Dalia, the capital of the native state of the same name, and which was governed by a Raja.

The place did not contain a single European inhabitant, but one day we noticed two European gentlemen in the vicinity of the bungalow, which the Raja had provided for the accommodation of Europeans visiting his capital, and which we had occupied on a former visit. One of the gentlemen of the party learned that the two occupants of the bungalow were the travelling agents of a large jewellery establishment in Madras, and that they had come to Dalia, hoping to secure large orders from the Raja. He had been apprised of their presence in the capital, and the object of their visit, and they were waiting day after day with what patience they could summon for a command to visit the palace and display their wares.

One day during this waiting time, one of the gentlemen, with a letter in his hand, walked over to our bungalow, and asking to see the gentleman whose acquaintance he had made, communicated to him the contents of the letter which he held in his hand, and which had been forwarded to him from Madras.

The letter was from the 'Bowery Mission,' and told him that his son, who had been a prodigal, and had sorely grieved the hearts of those who loved him, had 'come to himself,' was ready to acknowledge his wrongdoing and longed to return to his father's house. 'His repentance seems sincere,' continued the writer of the letter. 'He feels that his Heavenly Father has forgiven him, and he hopes that in the heart of his earthly father, there is also a place for the repentant wanderer.' The letter bore the signature of 'the Mother of the Bowery Boys,' Mrs. Sarah J. Bird.

'I should like to communicate with my son,' said the stranger, 'but this seems impossible, for I do not know where to forward my reply. The envelope bears a United States stamp, but the postmark is indistinct, and the letter contains only this—"Bowery Mission," without either the name of the city or state. Where is the Bowery Mission? Can you help me?' he asked in an eager way.

When he had received the desired information, he turned back to his lodging house with a light heart. He had heard the best of news of one who had gone from home leaving no clue by which his anxious friends might trace him. He could now tell the penitent prodigal that a father's heart and a father's house were open to receive him.

It was a kind Providence that had brought together in this wild spot in the heart of India, two strangers from far distant parts of this great empire, at the time when one could give to the other just the help that he so greatly desired.—Helen H. Holcomb, in 'N.Y. Observer.'

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of Aug. 21:—

Previously acknowledged	$263.75
Mrs. D. W. Brown	5.00
Belle Smyth	1.00
David Cash	2.02
Abbie L. Cash	2.02
A Friend, Carnarvon	.25
Walter Johnstone	.10
Marjorie Johnstone	.10
Jessie Johnstotne	.10
K. I. and G. Harper	.15
Mrs. H. H. Worthington	.30
H. Armstrong	2.00
M. A., Glencoe	1.00
Mrs. W. Jones	.10
Hugh Jones	.05
Maude Morrell	.05
Wm. Milks	.10
Mary Milks	.05
Mrs. Wm. Murrell	.10
Mary Sylvester	.16
Teacher and pupils of Public School, Pheasant Forks, Assa.	30.00
Thomas Bee	1.00
Mr. Hall	1.00
Harry Stillborn	3.00
Elsie and Everard	3.00
Robert Crocker	.25
Alberta Tremain	.25
One Who Loves Jesus	1.00
Friends, Pearceton	2.00
A Friend, Montreal	5.00
R.D.N.	5.00
A Friend, Montreal	5.00
H. W.	1.00
Beatrice, Marjorie and Winnifred, The Cedars, Lake Memphremagog,	2.90
West End Methodist Church C. E. Society	1.83
Young People of the Congregational Church, Eaton, per R. Hay	1.40
A Friend, Charing Cross	.25
A Friend of India	2.00
W. H. Hacking	1.00
A. B.	.50
A Friend, Arnprior	1.00
Middlebrook S.S, Elora, Ont.	2.00
H. H. McLatchie	10.00
Miss A. McLatchie	1.20
M. and L.	.20
M. L.	1.00
Nellie Arthur	.10
Ida Annett	.25
Clifford Annett	.05
Norwich Monthly Meeting of Friends, Quaker street	4.00
R S. and A. H.	2.00
Vera Domoney	2.00
Elsie Domoney	2.00
Leslie Domoney	1.00
Violet Domoney	1.00
T.C.M.	1.00
Hugh Nickols, Forest, Ont., per R. Stutt	.50
Cardinal Public School scholars, per *Edith Galbraith*	2.75
G. A. Farmer	10.00
Nora L. McCully	2.00
John Bodaly	1.00
M.S., Nelson, B.C.	5.00
Young People's Circle of Centennial Methodist Church, Victoria, B.C., per Bessie Grant	16.40
A Friend, Keewatin	1.00
L.S.A.	1.00
Daniel McLellan	1.00
Mrs. James Ferguson	1.00
Earle S. Ferguson	1.00
Mrs. Coutlie	10.00
H.B.F.	.50
Sunday school, Britton, Ont.	5.00
Collected by George Cross, Fenella, Ont.:—	
Mr. George Montgomery	2.00
Mr. Hy. Cross, sr.	.25
Miss Carrie Vaughn	.25
Mr. H. Brisbon	.25
Mrs. W. Hogg	.25
Mr. Charles Talling	.25
Mr. A. E. Sherwin	.25
Mrs. S. W. Lane	.25
Mr. H. Simpson	.25
Mrs. Joseph Jewell	.25
Roy Knox	.10
Mr. W. Curtis	.10
Mr. Alex. Ferguson	.10
Rev. Mr. James Cross.	.10
Mr. I. Huffman	.05
Mrs. T. Adams, sr.	.05
Clara Bland	.05
Mr. Hy. Cross, jr.,	.20
	5.00
Wm. E. Latty	2.00
Albert Pierriche	1.00
W. H. Plowman	.25
Camp Saghaya	1.00
George A. Mead	.25
Wm. J. Mead	.25
Edward H. Mead	.25
John Boyle	.25
Nobody	.25
Somebody	3.50
	$5.50
Collected by John D. and James Peddie, Bissell, Manitoba:	
Rev. D. M. McKay	.50
Miss George	.25
Grandma Peddie	.10
Baby Taylor	.50
Mrs. Dan. Peddie	.10
Mrs. R. J. Coulter	.20
Mrs. D. Livingston	.10
Baby Peddie	.25
R. D. Coulter	.25
John D. Peddie	.25
James Peddie	.25
Thomas Keating	.25
	$3.00
Deloraine Bicycle Club	14.35
	$71.13
Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received as follows:	
To Canadian Presbyterian Mission	$ 93.09
To Christian Alliance Mission.	110.77
To American Board of Missions	22.70
To Methodist Episcopal Mission	9.36
To Southern Indian Famine Fund	27.79
To Church Missionary Society	5.04
	268.75
	$202.38

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

Sept. 2, Sun.—This is the blood of the testament.

Sept. 3, Mon.—Without shedding of blood is no remission.

Sept. 4, Tues.—After this the judgment.

Sept. 5, Wed.—It is not possible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sin.

Sept. 6, Thurs.—We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.

Sept. 7, Fri.—Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.

Sept. 8, Sat.—He is faithful.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Collector of Waste.

It was very warm, and Jamie was tired. He had been riding on his bicycle all the afternoon, and now he was sitting on the lawn, waiting for the clock to strike half-past eight, which was his bed-time.

But presently, as he leaned back, with his eyes half shut, he heard steps coming nearer, and when he opened his eyes he saw a queer little old man standing before him.

The little old man had a large bag on his back, and wore a funny pair of spectacles. He nodded to Jamie and said, 'Good-evening,' and then he sat down, took off his hat, and fanned himself with it, as if he felt quite at home.

'Are you a pedler?' asked Jamie, after waiting some moments for the old man to speak.

But the old fellow smiled at this question and shook his head.

'I will tell you my business,' he said, briskly. 'I'm a collector.'

'And what do you collect?' inquired Jamie. 'Postage-stamps, or coins, or autographs? I've tried collecting all those things myself, and I would like to see your collections ever so much.'

The old man smiled again. Then he said: 'No, I don't collect things of that sort. I am a Collecter of Waste.'

'A Collector of Waste!' said Jamie, much puzzled. 'Why, I never heard of such a collection before. I don't understand what you mean by waste. Where do you find it? and what is it like?'

'That is just what I am going to tell you,' said the old man as he took his heavy bag off his shoulders and laid it down.

'The world is full of waste-collectors, like myself, only you have never been favored with the sight of one before. We go about collecting everything that human beings waste—time, opportunities, money, happiness. All these we gather up from day to day, and sometimes our loads are frightfully heavy, I can tell you. Look at this bagful collected to-day!'

'Dear me!' said Jamie. 'I wish you would show me some of the things you have there. Couldn't you do it?'

'If I show you anything, I will show you your own waste, for you've given me lots of work to-day collecting it,' replied the old man, severely.

'I'd like to know what I've wasted to-day!' exclaimed Jamie, indignantly. 'Now, that's nonsense.'

'It is, hey?' said the old man, with a cross look. 'Well, then, I'll prove that it's true, and I'll make you own it, too, before I go. I have not time to open my bag now, but I will read from my memorandum-book the list of all you've wasted to-day,' and he took out a small book and turned over the leaves, saying—

'Jamie—J—yes, here is your account—now listen. In the first place, you wasted thirteen minutes this morning lying in bed after you were called and told to get up. Then when you were only half dressed you wasted eight minutes more looking out of the window at two dogs who were fighting. So much before breakfast. In the school you lost ten minutes of the study hour drawing pictures in your copy-book, and you wasted eleven minutes over that newspaper you carried to school.

'When you came home, instead of going directly to your room to wash your face and hands and brush your hair, as your mother requested, you spent nine minutes grumbling on the stairs, before you obeyed her. You stopped in the street to talk to Tommy Rose, and wasted twelve minutes of your music-lesson time, besides——'

'Oh, stop! do stop!' cried Jamie, interrupting the old man. 'Don't tell me any more about the time I've wasted, please.'

'Well, I'll tell you about the other things, then—your wasted opportunities, for example. You saw a bird's nest robbed to-day, and never said a word, when you might have saved it. When you saw that little boy drop his marbles you only laughed at him, when you might have helped to pick them up. You let your sister take that long, hot walk to the post-office this afternoon, when you could have gone there so easily on your bicycle——'

'But I promised the boys to run races at four o'clock, and I had no time,' Jamie protested.

HE SAW A QUEER LITTLE MAN.

'That is no excuse. They could have waited for you,' said the old man. 'Those opportunities to be kind all wasted in one day!'

'Well, I hope this is the end of your list,' Jamie said, in a shame-faced way.

'By no means! There was another wasted opportunity when you were so inattentive to your history lesson in school. You flew into a passion, too, because your shoestring was in a knot. Wasted opportunity for self-control! You forgot to rise and offer your mother a chair when she entered the room. Wasted opportunity to be polite! You bought liquorice after resolving never to buy it again. Wasted money and wasted good resolution! But I have read enough to prove what I said, and I have no wish to be disagreeable.'

The old man closed his book and looked at Jamie with a serious yet kindly gaze.

'Take pains, my dear boy,' he said, as he picked up his bag. 'It is in your power to lighten my daily load very much. Whenever you are tempted to throw away anything as valuable as your time or your opportunities, remember the Collector of Waste! But, hark! Your mother is calling you—don't waste a moment, I beg. Good-night.'

Jamie sprang from his seat and ran toward the house. As he went out of the garden he turned and looked back. The old man had vanished.

His Uncle's Namesake.

(Kate W. Hamilton, in 'Forward.')

'Leander's as good as gold, but he's humbly as a rail fence,' was his grandmother's declaration. The boy was at an ungainly age, his long limbs seemed to fit him but awkwardly, his good-natured mouth was too large, his nose far from 'classical,' and freckles showed plentifully on his sunburned, healthy face. His gray eyes were clear and honest, but his big hands seemed only fit for work, and he delighted in work.

Secretly his mother thought him lacking in ambition. She had named him after his rich great-uncle in New York, with many fond dreams of what the relationship and the name might bring in the future; but so far the two owners of the cognomen had been equally obtuse to its suggestions. Uncle Leander on being pointedly informed that he had a namesake, had sent the baby a silver cup, and with that token had apparently dropped all remembrance of him, while young Leander grew up without sharing in the least the maternal visions and aspirations. In fact he was but dimly aware of them, for beyond vaguely expressed wishes and hopes Mrs. Bent had not found it easy to explain her views in a way that would not sound chimerical or arouse antagonism.

But now Leander was eighteen and she was fully determined that he should go to New York for a visit. More than that, when he gasped in astonishment at such a proposal, she triumphantly produced money for the journey.

'A hundred dollars!' Leander's tall frame leaned against the door for support. 'Why, Mom Bent, where'd you ever get that much money?'

'You earned every cent of it yourself haulin' wood last winter and fall. It's what you've been givin' me week in and week out.'

'But—but, Mom, I thought I was helpin' pay for things round the house,' he said, not quite knowing whether to be pleased or disappointed.

'Yes, and I knew well enough that was the only way for you to get anything saved up. You'd give it to paint the barn or mend the fence, or anything that anybody wanted; and so I just kept it and said nothin', I've saved it a purpose for you to go to New York and see your Uncle Leander. You've got your new suit, and there's nothin' to hinder.'

Leander junior hesitated but a moment. The visit was a minor matter, but he was only eighteen, and New York was a wonderful place to see.

'I'll do it!' he said.

'You can start to-morrow,' explained his mother, delighted with her success. 'You can drive into town, leave the rig there for Joe Glegg to bring home, and take the afternoon train. You'll get in at night, and then you can hunt up your uncle the first thing in the morning.'

Leander was so busily thinking of the many things he wanted to hunt up first that he scarcely noticed the conclusion of her sentence. Presently he improved upon her plan.

'Mom, I believe I'll go in the morning. Can't go clear through, I know, but I'll get three or four hours to look round Albany; and that's a pretty big place, too.'

He seemed to be waking up to his opportunities at last, and the mother's air castles gleamed fair in the early sunrise when he drove away the next morning. As for Leander, he fairly reveled in delight. He whistled as he drove along the country road, and he bought his ticket with the air of one who has all the pleasures of earth before him. It would never have occurred to him to plan such an expedition, but having been pushed into it, he enjoyed it to the utmost. The train, its passengers, and the panorama outside furnished so many objects of interest that he was sorry when the first short stage of his journey ended—or would have been, if the sights and sounds of the city had not immediately absorbed him.

A man near the station was selling a 'lightning cure for rheumatism,' and Leander stopped on the outer edge of the crowd to watch and listen. Several of those who tried the remedy praised its effects, and the boy was interested.

'Did it really help you?' he asked a man near him.

'Made me feel a sight better,' declared the patient. 'Why, I hain't been able to stretch out my arm this way for months. I don't say how long it'll last, but it's worth something to be limbered up for a little while.'

'That's what Grandma ought to have,' Leander decided, and cheerfully exchanging a dollar for a bottle, he disposed the precious package in his pocket and walked on. What wonderful things these crowded streets held. He congratulated himself many times, that morning, on his wisdom in taking the early train and having those hours to spend by the way. The shop windows attracted him. He stopped before a dry-goods store and gazed admiringly at a lay figure.

'Mom's always wantin' a nice black dress, and wouldn't one like that suit her to a tot?'

He intended to take something home for each one, anyway, he reasoned, and why not buy the gift for his mother here where he had found just what she would like? He entered, and with the aid of a kind clerk made a very judicious selection, but the array of goods was so bewildering that he determined to make his purchases for Nell and little Jennie also while he had such valuable aid, and so two bright dress patterns were added to the black one. They cost more than he had expected.

'But they're nice,' he assured himself with a nod of satisfaction. 'Anyway my ticket's bought to New York, and I don't see what I'll want of such a lot of money after I get there.'

He did not know where to have his parcels delivered, and as his arms were getting too full of bundles for comfortable sight-seeing, he concluded to walk back to the depot, deposit them, and refresh himself with a lunch. Then he started happily on his way again in an opposite direction. A bookstore enticed him. The very book that Jimmy wanted was in the window, but it did not remain there long. Wouldn't Jim's eyes sparkle when he saw it? Leander's sparkled in anticipation as he tucked the new parcel under his arm.

Only a little over an hour left now before he must take the train. What a good time he had had! If New York proved half as delightful as Albany he was sure the journey would be worth all it had cost. He visited the State House—that, indeed, had been his objective point of interest in coming to the capital—but as he reached the street again after wandering through the corridors he found that he had lost his bearings. A dray loaded with farm implements stood near the sidewalk, and possibly it was the familiar appearance of the load that made the boy select the driver as one of whom to ask direction.

'Depot? Why, I'm going right back there now,' answered the drayman. 'Jump on and I'll take you along.'

Leander had walked until he was ready to enjoy the rest of a ride, and besides he found it pleasant to have some one of whom *he could ask quaestions*. He made the most of his opportunity and paid little heed to where he was going until his companion drew up before a large building with a 'Here we are.'

'Why, this isn't the place!' said Leander, looking about him in amazement. 'I want to take the train for New York.'

'Oh, that's what you meant? Well, you see this is the Agricultural Depot'—the driver whisked his whiplash toward a gilded sign. 'It's the establishment I haul for—biggest thing of the kind in the state, I take it—so when you walks up to my dray and asks for the "depot," I s'posed you meant the one I come from. You can go straight to the other in five minutes by taking the street car that runs past here. 'Tain't time for your train, though.'

The boy assured himself by his father's old silver watch borrowed for the journey that his informant was right, and then he plunged into the wonder of the great building. Well, he could understand how some of those modern appliances would improve upon the work of the rusty old-time implements at home.

'And father's been wanting some of them so long,' he muttered to himself. 'If it doesn't seem a shame to fool away a lot of money in New York when he can't afford such things!'

One hundred dollars, or what was left of it, would not go very far in such purchases, but Leander knew enough of farm work and the home needs to make it accomplish its utmost. He gave careful directions for the early sending of his treasures and then hurried out to take his car with exactly fifty cents left in his pocket.

'I'll never do to go that way,' he reasoned. 'Uncle Leander'd think I'd come to sponge sure enough. If I hadn't bought my ticket—but I guess I can sell it.'

At eight o'clock that evening the Bent household was aroused from its usual quiet by the sound of a vehicle rolling into the yard.

'That's Joe Glegg bringing home the rig,' said Mrs. Bent, starting to her feet. 'You'll have to put up the horse, Father, and do be sure and ask Joe if Leander's got off all right.'

But before this programme could be carried out there was a familiar 'Hello' from the porch, and Leander's face, half happy, half abashed, appeared in the doorway.

'Leander Lemuel Bent! What on earth are you doing here?' exclaimed his mother.

'I—I didn't have money to go no farther than Albany,' answered Leander, sheepishly. 'Fact is, I bought a few things and then—Mom, don't look so disappointed!' he burst out. 'There's quite a lot of bundles out in the waggon, and I've had a glorious time. New York couldn't be anything more than Albany, only a little bigger, and a fellow doesn't want to swallow everything at once.'

The contents of the packages were ample consolation to everybody but the mother; and the father's face, as he and his boy talked together, was something good to see. Even Mrs. Bent, as she smoothed out the long-coveted dress pattern, only repeated in constantly softening accents her belief that Leander would be just Leander to the end of the chapter.

The next morning the paper brought from town held a startling item. Among its New York news was an announcement of the business failure of the wealthy Leander Bent.

'Now, ain't I glad I didn't waste my money going to see him, and getting there just when I wouldn't have been wanted?' questioned Leander, in self-congratulation.

But as he thought of it again while he was working in the field that morning he began to pity Uncle Leander. The boy had never bestowed much thought upon his prosperous great-uncle; he had been little more to him than the illustrious example which graced 'Mom's' lectures on ambition and perseverance. But now the picture of reverses after such long success appealed to the warm-hearted nephew. He felt a growing inclination to express his sympathy, and so he did what he had never done before—wrote the old gentleman a letter. It was short, stiff, and very unsatisfactory to the writer, but it brought a reply that was prompt and surprising:

'Dear Nephew: The newspaper mixed matters, as usual—the item refered to Lauder Brent instead of Leander Bent. I am happy to say that I am still solvent, though I should not be if I had managed my affairs after any such wild fashion as the other man seems to have done. Your letter, which I believe is the first I have ever received from you, reminds me that you are my namesake. It strikes me that you must be a rather peculiar specimen of humanity to acknowledge the relationship only at a point where most people would be ready to drop it. I shall be down in your part of the state in a week or two, and hope to see you and get better acquainted.'

Mother Bent was radiant. Could anything be more auspicious than this?

As for Leander, his views, if they might be so considered, were expressed only in the single interjection:

'Huh!'

A Hasty Judgment.

(By Hattie Lummis.)

'She looks like an embodied opportunity for missionary work,' said Lee to herself.

Lee was a pretty girl, vivacious, energetic, and with a natural grace of manner that won her ready admission to all hearts.

Lee's new neighbor, Lucy Beech, was as unlike her as possible; a plain girl, painfully shy, and with a hesitating way of saying the most commonplace things. 'Dull and heavy,' had been Lee's estimate of her when they first met. But Lee had a whole-souled sympathy for unattractive people, and there was more than her usual kindly cordiality in her manner as she asked Lucy to attend the young people's meeting that evening. Lucy blushed with pleasure at the invitation so winningly given, and promised to come. For several weeks she had occupied the same corner, always giving her testimony timidly, and in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible. Then she ceased coming, and Lee noticed her absence with a sense of responsibility which was one of her most admirable traits.

'She hasn't any stability, I suppose,' she said to herself, as she considered her neighbor's early defection, and wondered how she could best be reached. 'These half-alive

people seem to me not to have energy enough to be thoroughly interested in anything. I must try to wake her up.' It occurred to Lee that to lend Lucy some books, with a few tactful hints regarding their reading, might be a step in the right direction. 'And after a little,' she thought, growing fascinated in her plans for her neighbor's development, 'I'll try to interest her in doing something for other people.' With her head filled with these kindly projects, and with several books under her arm, Lee ran across the street to her neighbor's one afternoon, on a purely missionary errand.

Lucy herself opened the door, and she blushed with pleasure at the sight of her visitor. But, as Lee stepped into the little hall, the customary embarrassment showed itself in the other girl's manner. 'I'm sorry,' Miss Fergusson,' she said, hesitatingly, 'but I must ask you to come out to the kitchen.'

'Why, of course. Don't let me interrupt your work a bit,' answered Lee, with ready sweetness. But as she followed into the small, exquisitely neat room a surprise awaited her, for a three-year-old boy was sprawling upon the spotless floor, and a toothless baby, strapped into a high chair, dropped his rattle out of reach, and then shrieked for its instant return.

'Please sit down, Miss Fergusson,' said Lucy. 'Excuse me if I finish wiping these dishes. The children have kept me so busy that I haven't quite got through my work.'

'I didn't know you had little folks here,' returned Lee.

'O,' they don't belong to us,' Lucy explained, looking amused. 'They're Mrs. Stein's children. You must know about her.'

'Why, yes, she does our washing usually. But she's sick now, isn't she?' Lee spoke almost timidly.

Lucy nodded. 'She's been at the hospital for the last fortnight. It was such a pitiful case. She knew she was likely to die if the operation wasn't performed right away, and yet she didn't know what to do about leaving her children. So I begged mother to let me take care of them. Mother was almost afraid at first. But we've got along nicely so far,' concluded Lucy, stooping to kiss the baby's soft cheek.

'And you've taken care of these two children, besides doing the house work!' Lee exclaimed.

'Why, they've been real company for me,' said Lucy, simply. 'Of course I've had to stay at home pretty close. I don't know as you've noticed that I've missed the meetings.'

Lee answered that she had, and Lucy looked grateful.

'That was the hardest to give up,' she said, 'but it won't be for three or four weeks longer. And I study over the topic and have a little prayer meeting by myself.'

When Lee submitted the books she had brought to Lucy's inspection her manner lacked its usual confidence. But Lucy examined the volumes eagerly. 'I've read these two,' she explained, 'but I've just longed to get hold of this other. You see, I read to mother after she gets home and we've had supper. But she's so tired that usually she goes to sleep before very long and then I have time for my study.'

'Study! Do you study as well as everything else?' Lee stared at this 'half alive' girl who was supposedly too stolid to be thoroughly interested in anything.

Lucy explained, 'You see I've always had an ambition to be a teacher. I don't know as I'll ever really succeed, though I do believe I'm gaining a little. The truth is, I'm very slow at learning; I like to think,' said Lucy, dropping her voice, 'that being stupid is one of my crosses, and I can please Jesus by bearing it patiently.'

The afternoon was well advanced when Lee rose to leave. 'I'm going to slip out of the back door,' she said, with her hand on the knob. 'That will seem friendly, won't it, and I want to be friends with you.' She leaned forward impulsively and kissed Lucy. 'You've helped me very much, dear,' she said, and then ran away that the other girl might not see how near she was to crying.

Lucy went back to her work in a whirl of happiness. She had hardly heard Lee's last words, and, if she had noted them, she was too modest to accept them at their full value. But her beautiful neighbor had kissed her, and had asked for her friendship, and Lucy's cup of bliss was overflowing.

And so the two girls helped each other. And the best of it all was that neither realized what she had given, but only the blessing she had received.—'American Messenger.'

Dr. Hunt's Opinion.

(By Hilda Richmond.)

'What a pleasant office,' said Miss Hunt as she paused on the threshold and surveyed the light, airy rooms in which her favorite nephew had established himself.

'How do you do, Aunt Grace?' and a tall manly youth bent to kiss her. 'Take the easy chair and rest, for I see you did not ride down. These are pleasant rooms and I am sure they will suit me.'

'I saw you at church yesterday, but you left before I had a chance to speak to you.'

'Yes, several people asked me to join Bible classes and societies belonging to the church, so I just slipped out and went home.'

'How did you like the sermon?'

'Fairly well,' answered Dr. Hunt, carelessly. 'The music was fine. The soprano has a beautiful voice and I enjoyed her singing more than the sermon.'

'I suppose you will place your letter in the church now that you are at home to stay,' said Miss Hunt.

'To tell the truth, aunty, I have the same letter that I had when I went to college. I never joined any church in the city, for I don't like their methods. They care for no one but themselves, and it is getting to be that churches are more exclusive than the so-called "best society." What the world needs is less theory and fine preaching and more practical Christianity.'

'Of course churches are not perfect,' said Miss Hunt, who seldom argued with any one, 'but I am afraid that criticism will never make them more practical.'

'They spend their time in socials and entertainments for the benefit of the heathen when a little timely help would keep many people from being heathen,' went on the young man. 'Now, take that young lady who sang so divinely yesterday. She would not lift her white hand to assist some poor wretch unless it was by a fair or other questionable device and yet she stood there looking as the angels must look and sang about "Working for the Master."'

Just then the door bell rang and Miss Hunt arose, saying, 'I am going to provide your first patient. My washerwoman sent me word that I could not have my clothes till Thursday because one of the children is sick and I would like to have you call this afternoon and as often as is necessary, for Mrs. Burns has been very unfortunate. I will pay the bill, and if the child needs anything let me know. They live at 214 Miller Alley.'

'If there were more Christians like you, aunty, the world would be reformed in short order,' said Dr. Hunt, opening the door for her to pass out. 'But I am sorry to say there are not enough to go around to all the starving poor.'

He had no trouble in finding Miller Alley, and was soon assuring poor Mrs. Burns that little Johnnie would soon be well again. As he rapidly made the poor child comfortable and gave directions about the medicine, a sweet voice was singing softly in the next room, a little merry song. Every time the voice was silent a chorus of childish voices begged to hear just one more song, and with a little laugh the singer began again.

There was something that sounded familiar to Dr. Hunt as snatches of song floated through the half open door and he determined to see who was in the next room.

'I'll just go out and get some fresh water to bathe Johnnie's face,' he announced, and before Mrs. Burns could go instead he was in the hot little kitchen face to face with the soprano of yesterday. She was rapidly ironing sheets and pillowslips and the smooth pieces on the rack beside her told of several hours' work. A row of clean little ones were perched around her listening to her songs and stories, for Agnes Sloan's tongue and brain were as nimble as her fingers. She looked very different from the white robed singer of the day before, but the most critical observer could find no fault with her, for her neat dark lawn dress was suited to her occupation, and her abundant dark hair was dressed with the same care she would have bestowed on it had she been calling or shopping, only that it was plainly braided and coiled around her shapely head. Doctor Hunt was so much surprised that it was with difficulty he explained his errand.

'I'll get the water for you as soon as I attend to my bread,' said the young lady, lifting some huge brown loaves out of the oven.

The doctor watched her admiringly as she deftly handled the bread and then placed a large crock of beans and pork in the oven to bake.

'You are the first lady I ever saw doing such work in all my life,' he said at last.

'I am afraid you have a very limited acquaintance, then,' said Miss Sloan, lightly dusting her beans with pepper. 'How do you know I am not working for Mrs. Burns?'

'I saw you in church yesterday and heard you sing; besides, any one would know at a glance that you did not work for a living.'

'There are plenty of girls who earn their own living and yet are cultivated and refined,' said Agnes, warmly.

'Be it far from me to dispute your word,' said Dr. Hunt, taking the shining tin pan she had filled with cool water, 'but I know very few young ladies who would work in this hot kitchen all the afternoon.'

Miss Sloan was giving all her attention to the youngest Burns who was trying to swallow a glass marble, and paid no heed to his remarks.

'I am so glad Johnnie is asleep,' said Mrs. Burns, as the tired child, soothed by the cool water, closed his eyes in refreshing sleep. 'I want to go and finish the ironing myself for Miss Agnes will be smothered out there. She comes down every day and helps me since Johnnie has been sick. Some people think rich folks have no sympathy for the poor, but they are mistaken.

Miss Agnes sings in our church, and is one of the richest young ladies there, but she is always doing something to make some one happy. I think she wears white so much so that I may have plenty of work all summer.'

'She certainly must be an exception to the general run of girls,' said Dr. Hunt.

'She is like most of the girls of our church,' said Mrs. Burns positively. 'They are all as kind to me as if I were not a poor washerwoman.'

Doctor Hunt turned all these things over in his mind as he walked back to his office. The more he thought the more he became convinced, that reading articles in papers and magazines on the decline of church work and the general worldliness of church members, was a poor way to judge Christianity. For years he had been a a careless church-goer, but at college he had rarely attended services.

'Jump in and I'll take you back to your office,' said a familair voice, and looking around he saw his aunt's phaeton waiting for him.

'How did you find Johnnie ?'

'Johnnie is doing very well,' answered Doctor Hunt, 'I believe you sent me down there to get my eyes opened more than to attend a sick child. If you ever hear me expressing an adverse opinion of churches or church people again, please remind me of this afternoon.'

'That young lady who sang in church yesterday was down in Mrs. Burns's kitchen ironing and amusing a whole tribe of children at the same time. You must have known she would be there when you sent me, for Mrs. Burns said she had been coming since Johnnie has been sick.'

'I knew you would find some one there for the members are very kind to poor Mrs. Burns. I am so glad it was Agnes Sloan because you said this morning she would be the last person to help the poor.'

'Here I have wasted all these years in idle talk when I never really knew a thing about church work,' said the young man, regretfully.

'It is not too late to begin now,' said Miss Hunt. 'Your opinions have been the world's opinions; but I have always prayed that you might see things as they are and learn that in every church rich or poor there are those who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal.'

'Your prayer is answered,' said Doctor Hunt. 'With God's help I intend from this hour to lead a new life and have my opinions in harmony with the religion of our Lord and Saviour.'—'Standard.'

Being consulted as to Mr. Moody's health, Sir Andrew Clark, a famous doctor, asked Mr. Moody how many times a day he was in the habit of preaching.

'Oh, I usually preach three times a day.'

'How many times in the week ?'

'Five days in the week, and on Sunday four or five times.'

'You're a fool, sir—you're a fool !' was the brusque response. 'You're killing yourself !'

'Well, doctor,' said Mr. Moody, 'I take Saturday to rest. But may I ask you how many hours a day you work ?'

'Oh, I work sixteen or seventeen.'

'How many days a week ?'

'Every day, sir ; every day.'

'Then, doctor, I think you're a bigger fool than I am ; and you'll kill yourself first.'

The doctor died soon after, and Mr. Moody lived for several years longer.

Sam's Example.

'I want you to drive this load of potatoes to the station, Sam,' said his father.

'This afternoon?' asked the boy.

'Yes. It's mild. If it should freeze up to-night, as looks likely, it would not be good weather to ship potatoes.'

Sam frowned impatiently.

'I want to go with the boys for a good skate. The pond isn't broken up yet, but it may be any day. Perhaps this will be the last skating of the season.'

'You can easily be back in time for that, and not have to drive the horses too fast, either. Now, then—for a quick start.'

Sam helped his best at getting up the load, inwardly resolving that he would return in time for his evening's frolic even though it might be a little at the expense of the horses.

The roads, however, were heavier than he expected to find them. Some recent rains and mild days had brought a suspicion of spring in most respects most delightful. But the steadily-jogging horses seemed to have their own opinion of just how much ground they ought reasonably to be expected to cover, and all Sam's urging beyond that was of little avail. Making at length a turn toward a stream he was to cross, his attention was at once drawn to the ice floating upon it.

'I didn't know the ice was broken up. My! there's lots of it.'

The grinding and crushing of the huge cakes became louder and louder as he drew nearer. The swift current bore them rapidly down and hurled them against the piers of the bridge he was to cross.

Coming near the bridge he saw a placard nailed to one side. It read:

'No crossing here. Bridge unsafe.'

'Well—I like that!' said Sam. 'No crossing! It's three miles down to the other bridge. If I drive down there, I shan't get home before bedtime.' With a face of disgust he critically scanned the bridge. 'I don't believe there's any danger. I believe I could cross. Somebody's crossed, by the looks, since they put up that notice. Six miles round! I do believe I'll try it.'

Urging his horses to the bridge, he stopped and took a closer survey of the situation. With every assault of the ice cakes the structure quivered as if in pain and fear. The grinding and groaning filled his ears. He did not at all like the look of things.

'You know I always depend on you to use wise judgment in matters which I cannot foresee,' his father had said to him. Very well Sam knew that faithful attention to duty forbade his taking any such risk. And yet—that six miles round and his evening's amusement.

'I'll go on,' he said to himself.

Amid the roar and the grind he heard a voice shouting, 'Stop, don't drive over that bridge.'

A man who lived near was calling to him, making energetic gesticulations.

'I guess I'll try it,' Sam called back to him. In spite of the increasing violent remonstrance, he drove on.

His heart almost stood still as he advanced. The bridge creaked and swayed under the additional strain of the load, and the ice rose as if determined to crowd him into the water which boiled and whirled below. Before taking two waggon lengths he had repented his daring. But once on, there was no turning back. The horses became frightened and a little restless, but he must urge them on. The bridge took only about two minutes to cross, but to Sam it seemed hours, as with set lips and reins tightly held, he gazed at the shaking planks beneath him.

With a final cut at his horses, he hurried them over the last few feet and was on blessed firm ground. For a moment he felt half sick at the thought of the peril through which he had passed, then glanced back at the giver of the friendly warning, who had followed him to the edge of the bridge in dismay at his daring.

'Hello! I'm over all right, you see!' he cried, waving his hand. 'I'm no coward,' he added to himself. 'What a simpleton I should have been if I'd gone clear round.' He drove on, rejoicing in the foolhardiness which he misnamed courage.

'And I'll try it again,' he declared to himself. 'If I've done it once with a load and no harm came, I surely can do it with an empty waggon.'

Two hours later he again drew near the bridge. But this time the country road was not quiet and solitary except for the one warning neighbor. Teams were drawn up near the creek, and men were lingering about with faces of grave concern.

Coming nearer, Sam perceived that the poor old bridge had at last succumbed to the cruel attacks on it. One pier had been carried away, leaving a great gap fringed by splintered timbers and planking.

'Ah! it's gone at last, has it?' said Sam.

'Yes, and that isn't the worst of it. A boy and his team went down with it.'

'What!' exclaimed Sam. The man pointed a little way down the stream, at one side of which Sam saw a small crowd of men.

'They're trying to get that horse out,' said his informant. 'The other got swept down stream, poor beast, but this one happened to make toward shore—or perhaps the ice happened to push him that way.'

'And where is the boy?' Sam asked, breathlessly.

'They've carried him into the house. He made a brave fight for it—jumping from one cake of ice to the other. But he slipped and got an ugly whack on his head and would havxe gone down if neighbor Forbes hadn't been watching and managed to get out and help him. His waggon must be miles down by this time.'

Forgetting his hurry to go home, Sam went to the house where the injured boy lay, still insensible from the blow on his head. His heart was filled with dismay at the misfortune which had overtaken the one who had practiced the same folly with himself; and it sank lower as he perceived that it was a cousin of his own, a fair-haired boy whose mother was a widow. Sam found an opportunity of sending news of his whereabouts to his father and then remained beside his cousin through his long hours of unconsciousness, during which the doctor admitted that there might be serious doubts as to the result of his injuries.

'How came you to do such a foolish thing as to try to cross that bridge?' some one asked as at length he opened his eyes.

'Why—somebody told me Sam had crossed,' he said, gazing feebly at his cousin.

And during the long season of illness and anxiety which followed, Sam had full time for meditation on his responsibility for the results of his actions on others as well as on himself.—'The Advance.'

If smoking on the streets, street cars and other public places is not a nuisance, there is no such thing as a nuisance. For no one can smoke in these public places without compelling those to imbibe the smoke who do not wish to do so—and that, too, at second-hand, when it is doubly befouled.—'Pacific Ensign'

Ralph's Beautiful Friend.

(By JohnF. Cowan.)

Carrie was standing before the glass when someone knocked at the door. She was very often there, sometimes examining the front view of her face, some times the side view, sometimes pinching her nose out a little, sometimes patting it back. Sometimes she would brush her hair so as to make it stand up fluffy; again she would wet it and smooth it down as closely to her head as possible, to note the effect on her appearance and see in which fashion it looked better.

'You must excuse me, Cousin Ralph,' she said, apologizing for her tardy answer of the door bell.

'Oh, certainly; I don't mind waiting. I suppose, as usual, you were studying effects before the glass.'

Carrie blushed; then turned half-defiantly toward her grown-up cousin, and said, 'I don't care! If I were only a beautiful girl I would give anything in the world.'

'Why you are—' Ralph began to say, but Carrie interupted him with:

'Oh, I don't mean anything like what you are going to say, but if I were really and truly a beauty, so that everybody would have to own it as soon as they saw me, I wouldn't care for anything else.'

'Wouldn't you indeed, now?' asked Ralph, thoughtfully. 'Then you might like to meet a really beautiful friend of mine. who may be able to give you some suggestions about how to become more beautiful?'

'Indeed, I would, Cousin Ralph,' replied Carrie. 'Take me to see her sometime, won't you?'

'Surely I will. One thing I want you to promise me, though, that, if you think she is beautiful, you will try to be as much like her as possible.'

'I don't need to make any promise; I'm sure I should try anything.'

Carrie's curiosity was on tip-toe until the time came for the visit. She spent hours in her room before the glass, trying on this dress, that dress, or the other one, comparing the effect of wearing her hair this way, that way, or some other way; and posing and primping, until at last she gave up in despair and cried: 'What's the use? If Cousin Ralph's friend is so very beautiful, I'm sure I shall look a fright beside her.' And finally she had to dress in a hurry and go away leaving her room in great disorder.

Her heart beat a little faster as Ralph's ring was answered, and they were ushered into the house in which lived her cousin's beautiful friend of whom she had heard so much. They were taken directly to her sitting-room, and before she came in Carrie had time to glance around and see what a perfectly harmonious room it was. There was nothing rich or gorgeous about it, but everything was in the most exquisite and delicate taste, and as neat and dainty as the finest touches could make it.

Carrie caught a reflection of the gay ribbon she had tied about the ends of her hair, and wished it were a little less gaudy in color. Somehow it semed out of place. She glanced covertly at her fingernails to be sure they had been carefully attended to, and blushed when she saw they had not, for she felt that there was something out of harmony between a room such as that and soiled fingernails. She thought of her own disordered room, and blushed still more deply.

'If the owner is anything like her room,' she sighed, 'she must be every bit as beautiful as Ralph has described her.'

Just then she heard a voice without the door. It was a low, soft, sweet-toned voice, so exquisite and sympathetic in its modulations that it fell upon her ear like some melodious strain of music.

'What a beautiful voice!' she said to herself. 'If the owner of that voice is anything like the voice, I am sure she is everything that Cousin Ralph has pictured her.'

Then the portiere was thrust aside and there stepped into the room—not a young, stately, beautiful lady, as Carrie expected—but a small, plain-featured old lady, with a crown of silvery hair upon her head.

But before Carrie had time to feel disappointment she was greeted by a smile of rare sweetness, which spread over the otherwise plain face and illumined it so beautifully that Carrie felt all her timidity fade away in the genial kindliness of that look, and her heart warmed with her as she said, 'What a beautiful smile!'

Then a hand which was neither small, shapely nor white, was outstretched to clasp hers, but Carrie did not notice any of its defects, in her enjoyment of the warmth and strength and sympathy of the magnetic clasp. The hand seemed almost to speak to her and tell the love of its owner. The fingers, as they gently glided across her palm, touched her caressingly and made her feel that these touches were the expressions of a warm and loving heart; and so, without thinking to notice it the lines of the hand were curves, or to see if it were lily-white, Carrie thought within herself, 'What a beautiful hand she has!'

After the old lady had kissed her young guest, she sat down and drew her out in conversation, with such gracious engaging tact that Carrie forgot everything in the pleasure of talking, dimly conscious that she was being made to appear her best. Ralph's friend was entirely forgetting herself and doing everything in her power to make her guests feel at ease.

'Oh, what beautiful manners she has!' thought Carrie.

So charming was her visit that the time sped all too soon, and it seemed but a brief moment when her cousin Ralph arose and said to their hostess that they must bid her good evening. And after Carrie had left the room there seemed to linger about her the delicious aroma of some rare and fragrant flower.

'Well,' asked Cousin Ralph, when they had gone some distance in subdued silence, 'were you disappointed?'

'I think she is perfectly lovely!' exclaimed Carrie. 'If I could only be like her!'

'Well, I am sure you will grow up to be so some day, if you try,' answered Ralph. 'But isn't it strange that one who is so plain and old-fashioned, and the brightness of whose eyes and the beauty of whose complexion have been so dimmed by age, should be thought beautiful by every one who meets her? Where does her beauty lie?'

'Oh, it's her voice, her smile, her touch; her grace in everything,' said Carrie. 'She must spend a great deal of time cultivating her voice, manners and expression.'

'Not a bit of it,' replied Ralph. 'The secret of her beauty is that she never thinks of such a thing as trying to be beautiful outwardly. She cultivates her beautiful soul, and that shines out through her plain face and attire, and casts a glamor over everything about her. And the best thing about such beauty is that you need never be afraid of its fading. It is always growing brighter and more winsome.'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

The Giving Alphabet.

All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee. (I. Chron. xxix., 14.)

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, said the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. (Mal. iii., 10.)

Charge them that are rich in this world, ... that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate. (I. Tim. vi., 17, 18.)

Do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith. (Gal. vi., 10.)

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity. (II. Cor. ix., 7.)

Freely ye have received, freely give. (Matt. x., 8.)

God loveth a cheerful giver. (II. Cor. ix., 7.)

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase: so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine. (Prov. iii., 9, 10.)

If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not. (II. Cor. viii., 12.)

Jesus said, It is more blessed to give than to receive. (Acts xx., 35.)

Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same he shall recive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free. (Eph. vi., 8.)

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and dust doth corrupt, ven, where neither moth nor rust doth corbut lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither most nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. (Matt. vi., 19, 20.)

My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. (I. John iii., 18.)

Now, concerning the collection for the saints, ... upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him. (I. Cor. xvi., 1, 2.)

Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee. (Gen. xxviii., 22.)

Provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. (Luke xii., 33, 34.)

Quench not the Spirit. (I. Thess, v., 19.)

Render unto God the things that are God's. (Matt. xxii., 21.)

See that ye abound in this grace also. (II. Cor. viii., 2.)

The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts. (Hag. ii., 8.)

Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required. (Luke xii., 48.)

Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God. (Psa. lxxvii., 11.)

Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? (I. John iii., 17.)

'Xcept your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven. (Matt. v., 20.)

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. (II. Cor., viii., 9.)

Zion that bringest good tidings. (Isa. xl., 9.) —'Michigan Advocate.'

LITTLE FOLKS

When Grandma Was Queen O' the May.

(Minnie L. Upton, in 'Wellspring.')

Ross and Eva and Ethel were all ready to go a-Maying. It was a chilly day and the sky was overcast; but there had been a whole week of sunny weather and warm showers, and they were sure that there would be Mayflowers waiting for them under the brown leaves on the pine-tree knoll down in Uncle Simon's cow pasture. So, donning warm coats and mittens and Rob Roys, they set forth right merrily, not forgetting to bid a sympathetic good-bye to Ada, who had a sore throat which utterly forbade Maying, much to their disappointment as well as her own.

'You shall have my best, biggest, pinkest bunches, sis,' said Ross. 'And mine!' 'And mine!' chorused the girls. Then they trooped out, while Ada, in the big armchair by the window, watched wistfully as they scampered down Big-field Hill toward the pasture. How she wanted to go! It did seem rather hard! The children had agreed together that no one of them should go down to investigate the progress of the Mayflowers until the first day of May, so that they could all be equally surprised; and now—tears began to gather in the blue eyes.

WHEN GRANDMA WAS QUEEN O' THE MAY.

Just then grandma came in. It is a way that grandma has—appearing at the opportune moment, or, as she would say, 'In the nick of time.' She didn't seem to see the wetness in Ada's eyes, but, advancing to the window with a cheery smile, said, 'Well, well, Bluebird, this sort of a May Day reminds me of once when I was a little girl.'

'Oh, tell me about it, grandma!' implored the Bluebird in a hoarse little chirp.

Grandma sat down in the other big chair by the other window and took out her knitting from the bag which always hangs by her side. It was a blue mitten for Ada. Grandma believes in getting things done in good season, and always begins each winter's supply of mittens and hose during the preceding spring. But, where there are four pairs of busy hands and as many restless feet, perhaps that is not a bit too soon. So the needles flew, and the blue mitten grew, as grandma told of the time when she was Queen o' the May.

'Upon my eighth birthday, the twenty-first of April, 1840, Aunt Asenath Dawson presented me with a lovely little book of English tales, bound in blue and gold, and illustrated, it seemed to me, in the most delightful style. The little girls in the pictures all had flowing curls and round, smiling faces, and wore low slippers and short-sleeved, low-necked dresses. There was a May Day story which seemed to me especially charming. I can't recall much of the story now; but the picture was of four little low-necked, short-sleeved girls dancing around an exceedingly short-sleeved, low-necked, flowing-haired queen crowned with a profusion of flowers. It acted upon my imagination in the most remarkable way. I felt that I could never be happy until I should be crowned Queen o' the May in just such a costume. I had a low-necked, short-sleeved dress and bronze slippers; but I never wore them earlier than the last of June, and then only to church and on the last day of school when I spoke my piece. But the more I thought of it the more I felt that my happiness depended upon wearing that dress on May Day. I could see myself standing on the 'emerald sward,' just as it said in the story, while Charlotte Coleman and Eliza Wilkins and my little sister Katharine danced around me.

I was trying to think of the best way in which to broach the subject to mother when, on the last day of April, John Holt, who lived in Minot, and was Aunt Asenath Dawson's nearest neighbor, drove over to tell us that poor aunt had broken her arm and wanted mother to come for a few days until her daughter, cousin Almira Dawson, could come home from Lowell, where she was working. Of course mother would go; but it was too late to drive back that day, so she flew around, heated the brick oven, and cooked up a lot of puddings, brown bread, apple and dried pumpkin pies, beans, dark cake, etc., enough for a regiment or a husking. The next morning, having told father where to find everything, and admonished Katharine and me to be good girls, she rode off with Mr. Holt, who, of course, had spent the night at our house.

'Katharine and I wandered disconsolately about for a while; but the sight of my little blue and gold book brought my May Day project back to my mind in full force. It was a beautiful morning. The sky was of the softest blue, half covered with flocks of soft white clouds, and the robins and sparrows and bluebirds were singing right merrily. To be sure, the air was somewhat keen; I had noticed that mother drew her shawl higher above her neck as they drove away, but of course, I reasoned, it would grow warmer as the day advanced. In the bustle of mother's hurried preparations and departure I had quite forgotten the subject that had been uppermost in my mind. But

I assured myself that, after all, of course she wouldn't care, and almost made myself believe it. It was such a perfect day! The rest could gather the flowers, and I would not need to soil my dress or shoes. So, tucking my misgivings snugly away out of sight and hearing, I despatched Katharine after Eliza and Charlotte, and, as soon as she was out of sight, set to work to array myself in my finery. It did feel rather different from my warm linsey-woolsey gown, but I presumed that I would soon become used to it. And when the girls came their astonishment at my plan and admiration of the effect of my gala gear quite consoled me for any little shivers that might be running up and down my back. Charlotte was only six and Eliza but five, so there was no danger of gnawing envy and no objections to my self-elected queenship. In my airy dress, leghorn hat, and large slippers I looked quite as well, I was confident, as the story-book queen—perhaps a trifle better. As we trailed down across the field'—

'This very field, grandma?'

'Yes, this very field, on our way to the same old pine-tree knoll where the Mayflowers grow to-day, it occurred to me that the spongy brown turf was not much like the "emerald sward" of the story-book, but I kept my thoughts to myself and marched on with head erect, like the silly little peacock that I was.'

'O grandma, I'm sure you never were a "silly peacock"!' protested Ada earnestly.

'Oh, yes, I was, child,' said grandma, 'as silly as any peacock that ever strutted about, thinking himself the lord of all the feathered creation. But my pride went before a sad fall.

'I held my head so high that I did not notice where I was going, till first thing I knew I was ankle-deep in a small pool of muddy water that had formed in a hollow. The water was dreadfully cold, and it had splashed my stockings, and quite ruined my bronze slippers. My teeth were chattering with the cold, and my bare arms were mottled blue and red.

'But I would not let the children, as I called Charlotte, Catherine and Eliza, see how miserable I felt, and besides I hadn't been crowned yet. But it took a good deal of thinking about the girl in the book to keep up my courage.

'When we came to the knoll I seated myself and sent the little girls to gather flowers for the crown. I folded my arms tightly and tried my best to get warm, but the sun had gone under a cloud, and the wind felt raw and chilly. There I sat and shivered and shivered, till the little girls came running up with the flowers. They had not been able to find very many, and had broken the stems off too short, so that it was almost impossible to make them stay in the wreath.

'When it was finished, my crown looked very small and bare, not a bit like the one in the picture. But I put it on and told Catherine and Charlotte and Elsie to join hands and dance around me and sing. They did the first two, but they only knew some verses of a Sunday-school hymn and I didn't think that would be appropriate. So I was quite satisfied with a very short reign as queen. I wanted to get home before father should come in, so I snatched up my hat, and, telling the little girls to follow, started for home on the run.

'The first thing I did when I got home was to take off my finery, in the hope that I should be able to clean my slippers before anyone should see them. But when I took off my pretty muslin dress, and saw the big green stain on it where I had been sitting on the damp grass, I just threw it down on a chair and flung myself on the bed where I cried as if my heart would break, as I thought it surely must be going to do.

'I was warm enough by that time all but my feet. My head seemed to be on fire, and my throat had such a sore lump in it that I could scarcely swallow.

'Father was quite frightened when he came in. He didn't ask me what I had been doing, for the muddy slippers and stockings told their own tale. He made me go to bed, and then he sent for the doctor. I was so ill the next morning that one of the neighbors went and brought mother home. It was June before I could go out of the house again.

'When I began to get better, so that I could talk a little—for while my throat was so sore, I could only whisper,—I told mother one day all about how silly I had been.

'She did not scold or laugh at me — that never was mother's way. But she explained to me that May Day could only be kept as it was pictured in my book in countries where the climate was a good deal warmer than in our own. And she said, with a laughing look in her eyes, that she hoped I would never risk my life for the sake of being a May Queen again. I threw my arms around her neck, and hid my shamed face on her dear shoulder as I promised I would never be so foolish about anything again. And I don't think I ever was.'

Two Little Boys.

A little bad boy with a little cross face
Came slowly down-stairs in the morning;
Of fun and good-nature he showed not a trace;
He fretted and cried without warning.

He'd not touch his breakfast, he'd not go and play;
If you spoke, he just answered by snarling;
He teased his pet kitten; and all the long day
He really was 'nobody's darling.'

A little good boy with a little bright face,
Came down in the morning-time singing,
And indoors and out, and all over the place,
His laughter and music went ringing.

He ran grandpa's errands; his orange he shared
With Sue; and he found mamma's thimble;
To do what was asked he seemed always prepared,
And in doing it equally nimble.

These two little boys, who are wholly unlike,
Though they live in one house, are not brothers,
That good little lad, and that bad little tyke,
Have not two kind fathers and mothers.

But they are two tempers to only one boy,
And one is indeed such a sad one
That when with the good one he brings us all joy,
We ask, 'Has he really a bad one?'

—Richmond 'Christian Advocate.'

LESSON XI.—Sept. 9.

The Good Samaritan.

Luke x., 25-37. Memory verses 33-35.

Daily Readings.

M. Ordinance. Lev. xix., 1-18.
T. Best Gift. I. Cor. xiii., 1-13.
W. So Loved. I. John iv., 4-21.
T. The Paths. Prov. viii., 1-36.
F. Be Perfect. Matt. v., 43-48.
S. Life Eternal. John xvii., 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'—Lev. xix., 18.

Lesson Text.

(25) And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? (26) He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? (27) And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. (28) And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live. (29) But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor? (30) And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. (31) And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. (32) And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. (33) But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him (34) And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. (35) And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. (36) Which now of these three thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? (37) And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do likewise.

Suggestions.

Many of those who claimed to be the servants and followers of God were the real enemies of his Son. Those who professed to know the most about God through the study of his word were really the most ignorant of his love and grace because they refused to recognize Jesus Christ as the revelation of God's love to the world. No man can know or worship God except through Jesus Christ. (John xiv., 6.)

As Jesus was teaching one day, a lawyer stood up and tried to lead him into a discussion which would make him appear before the people as though he were teaching things that were contrary to God's word. The lawyer was one of those who studied and taught the Scripture so that when Jesus asked what the law said in answer to the question of how eternal life should be obtained, the lawyer was able to give the brief summary which comprised the whole law—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. This definition of a righteous man's duty is found in Deut. vi., 5, and Lev. xix., 18. The Lord Jesus gravely replied that the answer was right, and that if the lawyer would faithfully carry out these mandates he would find eternal life. Then the lawyer began to grow uneasy; he knew that he had never honestly kept these commandments, but he did not like to confess his failure before others, and, to excuse himself for neglect of known duty, he inquired of Jesus whom he was to consider his neighbor. Our idea of neighbors is apt to be confined to the people who live in the houses nearest to ours, but the Lord Jesus showed that the person who needs our help is our neighbor, no matter who or what he may be.

The road from Jerusalem to Jericho was a mere path running through a deep ravine, part of which was infested by brigands and highwaymen. Down this dangerous path a man was travelling alone one day, when suddenly he was set upon by the robbers, everything of value taken from him, and himself left by the wayside to die. As he lay there suffering and unable to move a priest happened to pass that way. Perhaps the dying man looked wistfully at him, thinking that now he would be helped and relieved, surely this priest, who stood as a representative of God, would be kind to any one in trouble! But the priest simply glanced at him and passed by on the other side of the road.

What hard thoughts may have passed through the poor man's mind, only those who have been in a like position can know. Beaten by enemies, forsaken by those who should have befriended him, neglected by those who made the greatest professions of knowing God, the sufferer would be greatly tempted to believe that God himself had forsaken him and thought him not worth saving. He would be tempted to judge God by the priest who neglected him. Every neglect in the law of love to one's neighbor is a stumbling-block in the way of the perfecting of the law of love to God. (I. John iv., 20.) If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?

A man who belonged to a much despised nation, a Samaritan, came along the Jericho road and saw the poor man whom the priest and the Levite had previously passed by. The Samaritan was filled with compassion at the sight of the sufferer, and hastened to his relief. After binding up his wounds and making him as comfortable as possible, he put him on his own animal and gently led him to the nearest inn, where he tenderly nursed him until the next day, when the Samaritan had to hurry on his journey. As the Samaritan was departing he gave money to the inn-keeper, bidding him take care of the wounded man until he should be able to travel.

When our Lord had told this story he asked the lawyer his candid opinion as to which of the passers-by was neighbor to him who fell among thieves. The lawyer could make only one honest answer, and the Saviour bade him follow the example of the one who best showed forth the love of God by his treatment of humanity.

'The lesson is still more strongly taught by making the helper a Samaritan. Perhaps if Jesus had been speaking in America he would have made him a negro; or, if in France, a German; or, if in England, a "foreigner." It was a daring stroke to bring the despised name of "Samaritan" into the story, and one sees what a hard morsel to swallow the lawyer found it, by his unwillingness to name him, after all.'—Alexander Maclaren.

Questions.

Give a short summary of the law of God.

Why is it important to show kindness to every one about us?

Would God accept the love of a man who hated his neighbor?

Is an offence against your neighbor an offence against God?

Repeat the story of the good Samaritan.

What do we learn from this story?

APPLICATION TO TEMPERANCE.

I. The multitudes of people under the influence of strong drink, in various degrees, are the victims. II. Liquor-sellers, saloon-keepers, and all 'who put the bottle to their neighbor's lip' are the robbers. III. Those who pass by on the other side are: (1) All who take no interest in temperance. (2) All who do not look after those who are beginning a downward course. (3) All who vote wrong on the temperance question. (4) All societies which encourage the use of strong drink. (5) All churches which do not use all their influence in favor of temperance. (6) All who are too busy to do any temperance work. (7) All towns which permit saloons to tempt their citizens. IV. The temperance societies of every kind, the churches, the law and order leagues, temperance schools, are all good Samaritans. Every one of us should do all we can personally, by giving money, by joining societies, at real cost to ourselves, that we may destroy the band of thieves and save their victims.—'Peloubet's Notes.'

C. E. Topic.

Sept. 9.—Our simple duty. Luke xvii., 7-10.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CHRISTIAN DUTY.

Mon., Sept. 3.—The Christian and other men. I. Thess. v., 15.
Tues., Sept. 4.—The Christian in the world. I. John ii., 15.
Wed., Sept. 5.—The Christian at work. I. Thess. iv., 11.
Thu., Sept. 6.—The Christian in society. Matt. v., 13, 14.
Fri., Sept. 7.—The Christian at home. I. Tim. v., 4.
Sat., Sept. 8.—The Christian at church. John xvii., 21.
Sun., Sept. 9.—Topic—What is a Christian's duty? Luke xvii., 7-10.

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER III.—UNFERMENTED WINE.

(Continued.)

10. Q.—Give us another way of keeping wine sweet?

A.—By boiling the new wine and putting it into air-tight vessels.

11. Q.—How long would this keep?

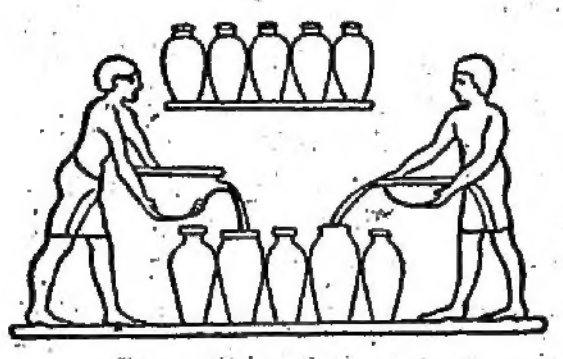
A.—A great many years.

12. Q.—Name the method of keeping wine from fermenting by using sweet oil.

A.—Take the fresh juice of the grape, which flows from only a moderate amount of pressure, strain it through a linen strainer until all the fragments of pulp are removed, and the wine is perfectly clear.

Then put into a clean jar until it reaches the neck; next pour fresh oil on top to a depth of half an inch, and then cork the jar and stand in a cool cellar. This wine will keep fresh and not ferment.

This method is explained in the following picture. The man at the left, No. 1, with the large tureen, pours the juice into the jars, while the one at the right, No. 2, with an oil scoop like those now found in ancient tombs in Egypt, Cyprus and Greece, pours a coating of olive oil on the top of the grape juice in the jars.



SEALED JARS.

The above is copied from sculptures found on the tombs in Beni Hassan, in upper Egypt. They date from about 1800 years before Christ.

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13. Q.—What other way was used?

A.—Boiling the new wine a long while until it was made a jelly, then letting it cool. These cakes were called flagons of wine. II. Samuel vi., 19.

14. Q.—How were they used?

A.—By soaking the cakes in water and drinking the liquid thus obtained.

15. Q.—Give another liquid form.

A.—The wine was boiled to a thick syrup and bottled. Ezra vi., 9.

16. Q.—Still another form was and is now in common use; what was it?

A.—Vinegar or sour wine. Numbers vi., 3.

17. Q.—Was fermented wine like that of

the present day in common use in Palestine?

A.—It was not, because the climate in many places was so hot that grape juice would sour and turn to vinegar in a very few hours.

18. Q.—Is unfermented wine still used in European countries?

A.—Captain Treat, of England, says:—'Unfermented wine is esteemed the most in the south of Italy, and is drunk mixed with water.' Also in Syria and Spain.

THE TORCULAR OR TWIST PRESS.

This antique twist press was in common use in ancient days, the grapes being crushed and the juice strained through coarse cloth.

The above picture is from a design cut on a tomb in Beni Hassan, upper Egypt, about 1800 years before Christ.

Cigarettes in the Normal Schools.

The late President Norton, of the Normal School at San Jose, California, was strongly opposed to the use of tobacco on scientific grounds. In his position at the head of a great educational institution, supported by the state, he held himself responsible for producing the best possible results for the state's expenditure. Consequently, when a student was known to use the weed, and no one could use it undetected by the president's keen eye, that student was called for a private interview, not in the least as a matter of discipline, for young men old enough to be there were not presumed to need discipline, but in that interview President Norton kindly set forth the fact that he had no right to spend the funds of the state on impaired material, as the brain of a smoker was certain to be; in short, that it would be as dishonest on his part to do so as it would for a waggon-maker to make an axle from a piece of timber in which the presence of a knot was likely to make a weak point that would break under a severe strain. The student was simply advised to choose between the advantages of the school and the satisfaction of smoking. He might not have both, under Professor Norton.—'Pacific Ensign.'

100,000 Drunkards Perished.

In 1786 Prince Potemkin, Prime Minister of Russia under the Empress Catherine, gave the largest State dinner ever given. Over 22,000 persons were feasted in vast halls in St. Petersburg.

Brandy, the favorite intoxicant at that time, flowed as freely as water; and when the half-drunken guests departed the intense cold night air did not sober them, but, as is always the case, locked the senses in a stupidity that ushered in the sleep of death.

More than 16,000 of the guests perished that night, and those who survived were those who had not drunk so deeply, and were thus able to resist the numbing effect of the extreme cold.

The official reports of the death rates in Russia show that a majority of fatal cases in winter are those who are intoxicated.

Return Forbidden.

In some of the mountain passes in Austria, signs are put up with the inscription: 'Return forbidden.' The passes are so narrow and steep that if a traveller who has once started tries to turn back, he places those behind him in danger. When once a man has entered such a pass he is bound to persevere. Many boys and girls start life as teetotalers, but soon turn back; many men and women begin to work for temperance, but give it up again. Let us write across our pledge, 'Return, forbidden,' lest we become a danger to those who follows us.

MADGE OLIVER.

Correspondence

St. Thomas, N.D.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Baptist Sunday school. We get the 'Messenger' there. Our class learns verses every Sunday. We cannot learn more than twelve each Sunday. I like to learn verses. The one who learns the most inside of six months gets a prize. I like to read the stories in the 'Messenger.' My birthday is on October fifteenth.

Yours, truly, EDITH BALL, aged 12.

Dryden, July 11, 1900.

Editor of 'Northern Messenger.'—Dear Sir,—Last time I wrote there was not room in your little paper for my letter, so I thought, as I was renewing my subscription, I would write a small letter to you. The village of Dryden, two miles from here, has two general stores, one hardware and furniture store, a candy shop, and a post-office. There is a Methodist church there, and a Presbyterian church is being built. The berrying season is on now, as we live on the bank of the Wabigoon river. We get into the boat and go to the Saskatoon patch in it. Saskatoons and blueberries grow here in abundance. Also, there are a lot of high bush cranberries, wild strawberries and raspberries. We have not had much rain here until just lately, when we have had plenty. It has made the grain around here stretch up fine and high. I have an old cat thirteen years old for my pet, and another pet is a dear little baby sister; she hardly ever cries. We call her Laura. We all like your little paper very much, and think it has some good stories in it for the size of it. I think it is a sad thing about the famine stricken people in India, and the people in China also. I wish all the war would come to an end. I can row our boat myself, and enjoy doing this. There are white water lilies growing on the river, and it makes it look nicer. Your little reader,

ALMIRA J. R. (aged 13).

Kimbo, Ont.

Dear Elditor,—As I have seen the names of a number of girls who wrote to you, and only two of them I know, I thought I would write a few lines to you. I live in South Grimsby and on a farm. During my holidays I have been picking fruit. We have been taking the 'Messenger' for eight years, and we all like reading it. I like reading the correspondence and the little folks' page the best. I have an uncle in the English navy, and he came to see us last fall while his boat was at Montreal.

Your friend, EVELYN N.

Gleneden, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to you once before, and saw my letter printed in the 'Messenger.' Our midsummer holidays have begun now, and school does not begin till Aug. 20. Our school picnic is over. We had races in which I won twenty-five cents. It was a very cold day, but we enjoyed ourselves. I wrote on my promotion examination and passed with 162 marks over. I am going to try the entrance examination next year. I belong to the Junior League, and we (eight girls of the League), made $6.35 for the Indian Famine Fund, and we sent away altogether $0.25. I have a sister, who is 13 years old, and she weighs 121 lbs., and I am 15, and weigh 80 lbs. I am finding all the verses in the 'Find-the-place-Almanac,' and wish my name to be put in the 'Honor Roll of Bible searchers.' As my letter is getting rather long, I will close this time, wishing the 'Messenger' great success. I remain, yours truly,

ANNIE S.

Enniskillen.

Puslinck.

Dear Editor,—My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for years now, and we wouldn't be without it. I have six brothers and one sister. Three of my brothers are in Manitoba. I am the youngest of the family. I will be 15 on Aug. 27. I got a bicycle a short time ago. I like riding very much. Well, I must close, hoping to see this letter in soon. Yours truly, MAUD M.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of your correspondence page for a long time. We attend a union Sabbath school at which we get the 'Northern Messenger' and other papers. Mr. Clarke is our superintendent, and Mrs. Somerville is my class teacher. I have two brothers and two sisters. We live near the town of Petrolea, and about half a mile from the school. Our school teacher is Miss Stuart. We are having vacation now, and are enjoying ourselves greatly. From your little reader,

VERNON T. W. (aged 8).

Pembroke Shore, Yar., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and three brothers, and a baby brother named Ralph. I live one mile from school, two miles from church, and four miles from the town of Yarmouth. Our school house is close beside the Bay of Fundy, and some of us go bathing noon-times. I have five dolls and a doll's carriage, too. I study geography, history, health-reader, spelling and Royal Reader. Our teacher's name is Miss Hopkins. I like her very much, and would like her to stay next term, but she cannot. Grandpa takes the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. EMMA E. D. (aged 10).

Fort Collins, Colorado.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your paper ever since I could read. I like to read the letters and the big print. We drive three miles to school. We have a cat and dog. The dog's name is Rover, and cat, Puss. Some of the spring beauties are blooming now. I have three sisters. I will send you a bunch of spring beauties that I picked off the Rocky Mountains. I am in the fourth grade. SADIE R.

Arthur.

Dear Editor,—As I have only seen one letter from this place I thought I would write one, too. I live on a farm of one hundred acres about three miles from Arthur village. We have seven cows, ten calves, four horses, four colts, and twenty-two lambs; one of these is a pet. I have about a mile to walk to school. I am in the second book. My teacher's name is Miss Bicknell; she is also my Sunday school teacher. I am eight years old. I have four sisters and one brother. We get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday school. OLIVE M. (aged 8).

St. Thomas, N.D.

Dear Editor,—I do not go to school now, for we do not have school in summer. I will be in the fifth grade when school starts again. I go to the Baptist Sunday school every Sunday. I have a little brother two years old. His name is Clayton. I have a sister. Her name is Edith. Some of my cousins live in St. Thomas, too. My brother has a little kitten. He is very fond of it. I like the correspondence and the little folks' page very much. My birthday is in April (the 12th). I would like to correspond with Grace A. B., of Holden, if she will write first.

GRACE A. B. (aged 10).

Braeside, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have only one pet. It is a dog. His name is Maxie. We take the 'Messenger.' I like it very much, and read the stories. Braeside is a village on the Ottawa river; it is very dull here in winter, but it is lively in summer. There are two lumber mills here, one is a little piece below the village; one is in the village. I got eight new subscribers for the 'Messenger' a long time ago. E. C. (aged 10).

Pierson.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Pierson yet, I will write one. Mamma teaches class in Sunday school, and we get the 'Messenger' there. There are some very nice letters in the 'Messenger,' and some nice little stories. We came from Detroit two years ago, and we like Manitoba pretty well. We are having our holidays now, and are going to graduate after the holidays. I am in the second book now. My papa died when I was eight months old, and mamma has kept me at school (ever since I was able to go). I mean to be a teacher when I get big, and a music teacher, besides. I have two brothers, Jim and Will. Will is thirteen years, and Jim eleven years old. We all go to school, and have very nice teachers. Your new correspondent, BELLE S. (aged 9).

HOUSEHOLD.

System in Housework.

How many mothers, if they will only take a few hours every day instructing their daughters in the mysteries of housekeeping, would save them many days of worry over some knotty problems in housekeeping. I can realize now, when I am away from mother, and have one of 'the Johns' to cook, wash and iron for, what a help my lessons, learned in the kitchen, laundry and serving-room, are to me. I, too, like many of my sisters, am an ex-teacher, but do not find housekeeping as great a hardship as some of the young beginners do, for I had a thoughtful mother, who carefully taught me every branch of housekeeping from bread-making down to scrubbing the floors, cheese-making, spinning, sewing, knitting, and even weaving was included, as also all kinds of fancy work, and all this during vacation time from school, only a few hours a day, but so many things learned that go to make up our life comfort.

Every mistress of a household, especially every mother, ought to find out what the family income is, and where it comes from, and thereby prevent all useless extravagance.

Half the miserable or disgraceful bankruptcies never would happen if the wives had the sense and courage to stand firm and insist on knowing enough about the family income to expend proportionately; to restrain, as every wife should, a too lavish husband, or failing in that, to stop herself buying luxuries which she cannot righteously afford. Surely there can be no sharper pang to a loving wife than to see her husband staggering under the weight of family life; 'the wolf at the door,' joyless in the present, terrified at the future; and yet all this might have been averted if the wife had only known the use and value of money, and been able to keep what her husband earned, 'to cut her coat acording to her cloth,' for any income is 'limited' unless you can teach yourself to live within it, to 'waste not,' therefore to 'want not.'

The must-be-dones demand first attention, and the may-be-dones can run their chances. A rigid habitual adherence to certain maxims helps one out wonderfully. 'A place for everything, and everything in its place,' observed, will keep a house in tolerably good order. 'A time for everything, and everything in its time' will insure the performance of all the major duties. 'Once well done is twice done,' will avoid tiresome repetitions of many performances.

There are many important minor tasks that may be sandwiched in between the larger ones. It is well with this in view to have a variety of work always on hand, so one need never be at a loss for something useful to fill up the time. Nice mending, embroidery, or fancy knitting is handy pick-up work while one is waiting for folks to come to meals.

If one's work is all planned out, as it often may be, a great many little tasks may be assigned to those irregular spaces of waiting and resting that project themselves into the day, a systematic housekeeper will never defraud herself of two of her most valuable possessions, time and strength. She must feel that she has accomplished the most work in the least time with the least possible trouble, and ought to feel that she has earned a certain right to leisure by so doing.

Everybody is familiar with the old saw, 'Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done.' I think it must have been a man who first said, not perhaps without reason, that 'if it were done she wouldn't know it.' It is a systematic housekeeper who does know it.—'Home and Farm.'

Hot Lemonade.

A correspondent writes: 'It may interest your readers to know that during the great influenza epidemic in London in 1889 the Board of Health of that city advised the public affected with the disease to make an abundant use of hot lemonade. The perspiration caused thereby is, in most cases, sufficient to relieve the patient of severe colds, saves him from taking refuge in quinine or other drugs which, often, do more harm than good. In bronchial troubles lemon juice will relieve the irritation in the throat, acting at the same time as a natural disinfectant.'—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

Potting Plants for Winter.

As the season approaches when one must take his plants from the genial care of mother earth and pot them for winter; it is well to make certain preparations. If in the second or third week in August one trims the plants back into good compact shape, they will be more manageable, and have time to start well into growth before you have to take them up. Later in the month take a small spade or a trowel and cut down into the ground around the plants, and about three or four inches from them, trim off the straggling roots. Give them a good watering, and leave them to recover.

Early in September get your flower-pots ready. They should all be thoroughly clean, and before using, they should soak overnight, and then be wiped thoroughly dry. If pots are used in a dust dry condition, they soak up the moisture from the earth, and injure the roots, and the earth draws away from the sides of the pot, leaving a space through which the water runs off when you water the plant, instead of soaking into the ball of earth and reaching the roots.

The night before you are going to pot the plants, give them a thorough soaking with the hose or watering pot, to make the earth firm around the roots, so that it will cling together instead of falling away as it is lifted out of the ground. Have the pots as small as the roots will conveniently fit into; put pieces of broken pot or charcoal into the bottom for drainage, with a little earth on it. Then lift the plant, which will come up in a nice compact ball, the straggling roots having been trimmed off. Cram it into the pot, leaving about half an inch at the top for watering. Sprinkle the top of the pot a little to settle the soil, and set it into a cool and shady place to get established. Under a piazza, in a shed, or in a stable is a good place, and if it is rather dark, but airy, for nearly a week all the better.

It is well to keep them in a sheltered place out in the air, as long as it is not too cold and frosty, covering them at night when the nights grow cold. This makes them more vigorous, and more able to resist the unnatural conditions of their winter life in the house. In taking these few precautions I have often potted heliotrope, a most difficult thing to transplant, and geraniums, without their losing a leaf. The soil should be good garden loam, with leaf mould, a little manure, and a slight sprinkling of silver sand.—E. Otis Williams, in 'N. Y. Observer.'

On a paper or magazine with clear print you may show to a little child an S, W, or other easily distinguished letter and then let him mark with a colored pencil all the others he can find. In one family a child in this way learned how to read without ever knowing that it was anything but play. After the letters were learned, short, common words followed, care being taken that the occupation was never continued too long.

By putting blue pencil marks at top and bottom of newspaper articles which you wish to save, a child can cut them out with round-pointed scissors, and thus be of real assistance, and there is nothing that satisfies children like letting them feel that they are really helping. It is sometimes pathetic to see the childish struggles over a bit of work easy enough for the mother, but full of difficulty for the little, unaccustomed fingers. Yet, so long as the child does not attempt too much, it is better to let him help, even though he works hard and, possibly, hinders you more than he helps. To say, as so many mothers do: 'It's too much bother to let you do that; I can do it better myself in half time,' is to dishearten the child and turn his desire for loving service into chagrin and bitterness. The helpful impulse should always be encouraged in a child, even at some cost to the parent, for the development of strong, manly and womanly characters in their children should be the aim of every father and mother.—Elizabeth Durfee, in 'Congregationalist.'

Household Hints.

Try planting sunflowers in your garden, if compelled to live in a malarial neighborhood.

A man descended from healthy ancestors without any tendency to nervous diseases is better born than all the kings and princes of Europe.—W. W. Ireland.

Linseed oil is a good remedy for both hard and soft corns. If they are indurated and very painful, the relief it gives in a short time is most grateful. Bind on a soft rag saturated with linseed oil, and continue to dampen it with the oil every night and morning until the corn can be removed easily and without pain.

It is very necessary that the window plants should be kept free from the dust of the room that settles upon them, and this is especially true of those plants whose leaves are thick and glossy, because the pores of such are so minute they become easily clogged with dust, which will very soon injure the texture of the leaves and thus the growth of the plants.

The relation of food to morals was touched upon by Prof. H. W. Hart before the United States Senate committee on manufactures. He asserted that the persistent adulteration of food was responsible for the present degeneration of the race. He advocated the use of whole wheat bread, and said that the appetite for beer was a result of the craving of the system for the life-giving elements lost from the wheat in the process of manufacture into white flour.

Infection.—Dogs and monkeys are subject to tuberculosis and are said to be capable of communicating the infection to human beings. A large number of the canaries that die in captivity fall victims to the same disease. Parrots suffer from a malady peculiar to themselves. The bacillus that causes it is thought to originate pneumonia in man. Cats have been known to be the carriers of diphtheria, and possibly of scarlet fever and other infectious diseases. Great care should be taken during an epidemic to keep pet animals out of the reach of infection, or else away from the children, and at any time a bird or animal that seems ailing should be at once isolated.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

A housekeeper who has tried the plan of keeping recipes in a blank-book and found it unsatisfactory now copies them on cards, such as are used for library cataloguing. In this way receipts can be carefully classified and the adding of new ones will not interrupt the order. The cards may be tied together or kept standing on edge in a box of the right size—a better arrangement, because the card can be easily removed when needed.—'Congregationalist.'

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